

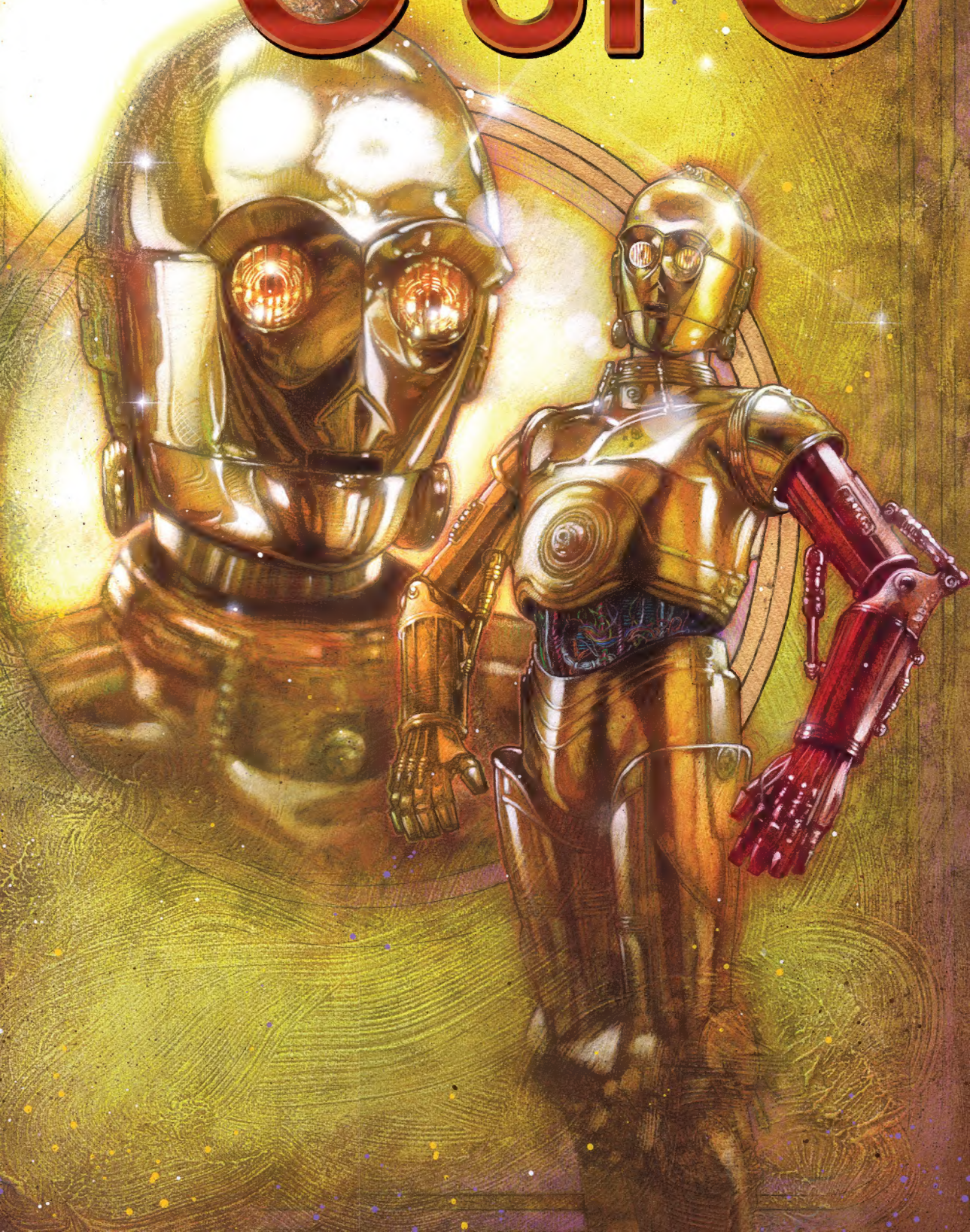
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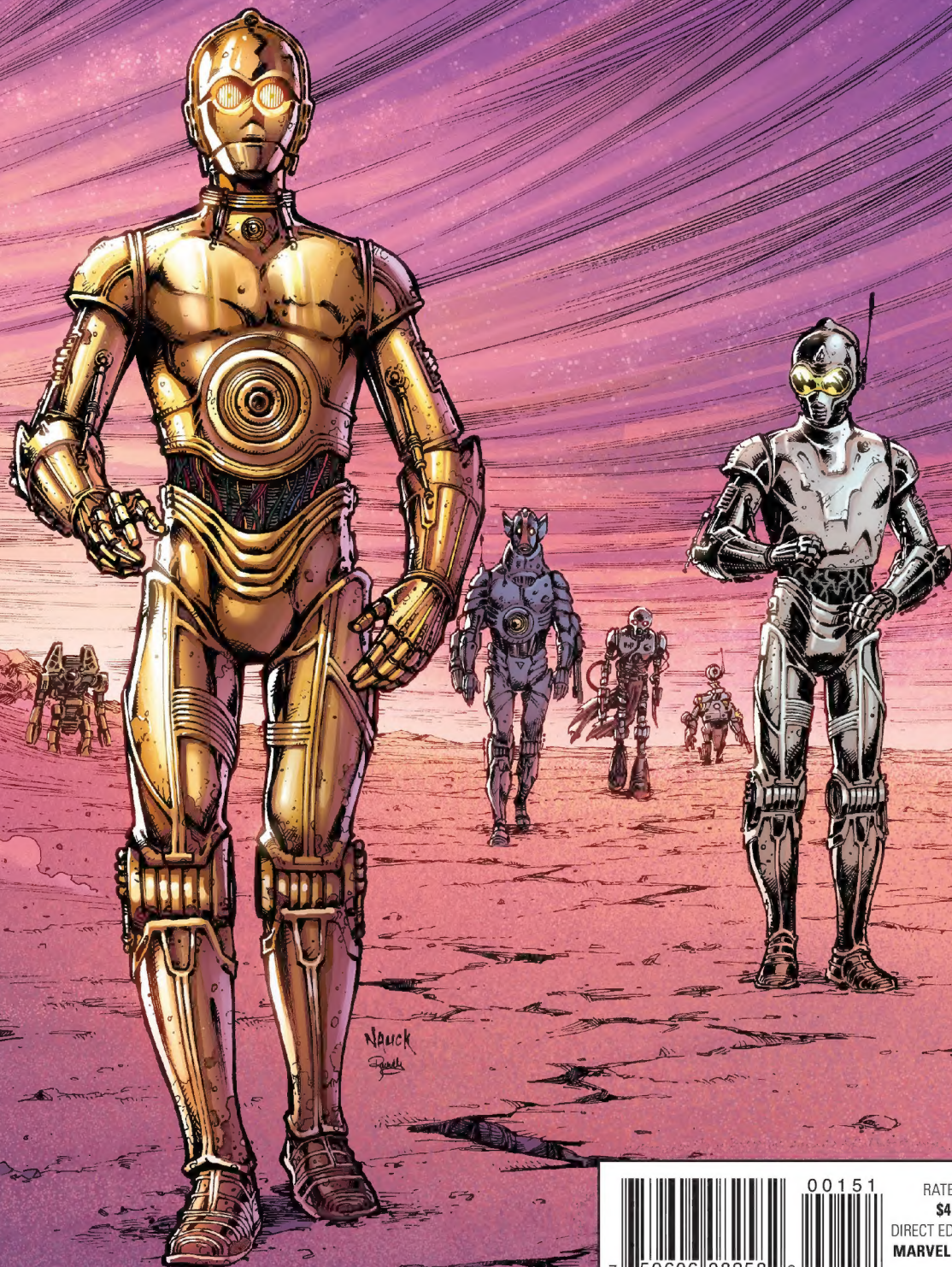
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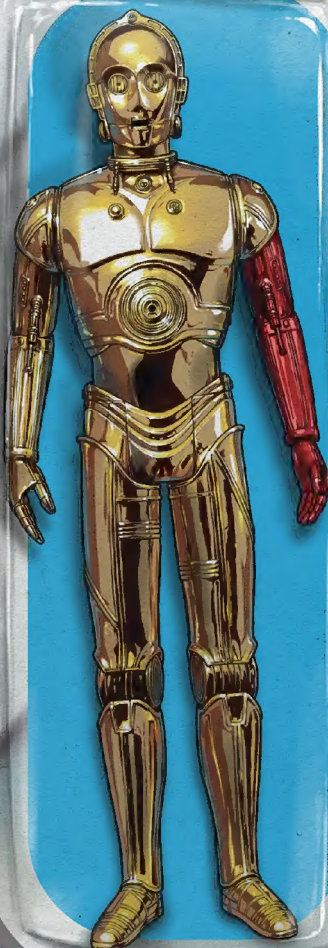
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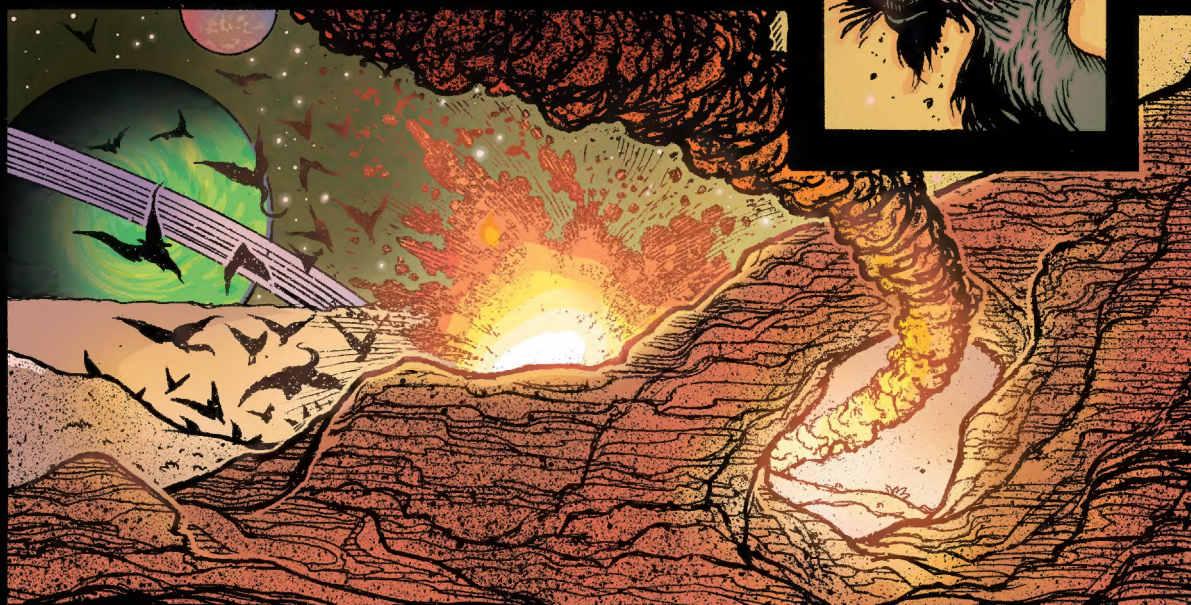
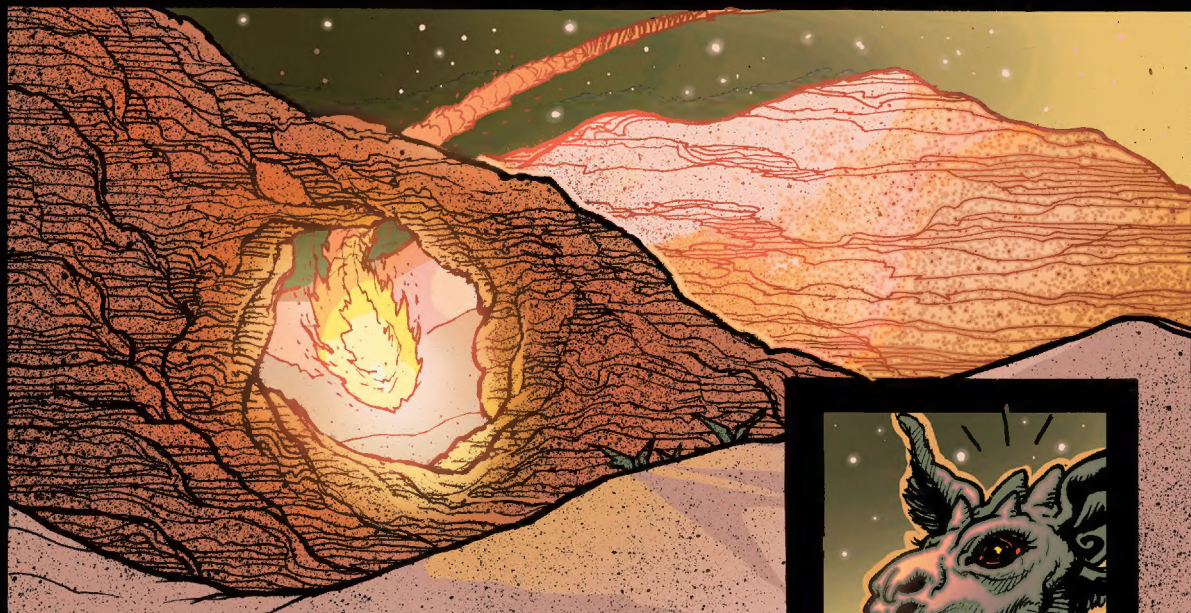
See-Threepio (C-3PO)



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C-3PO

THE PHANTOM LIMB

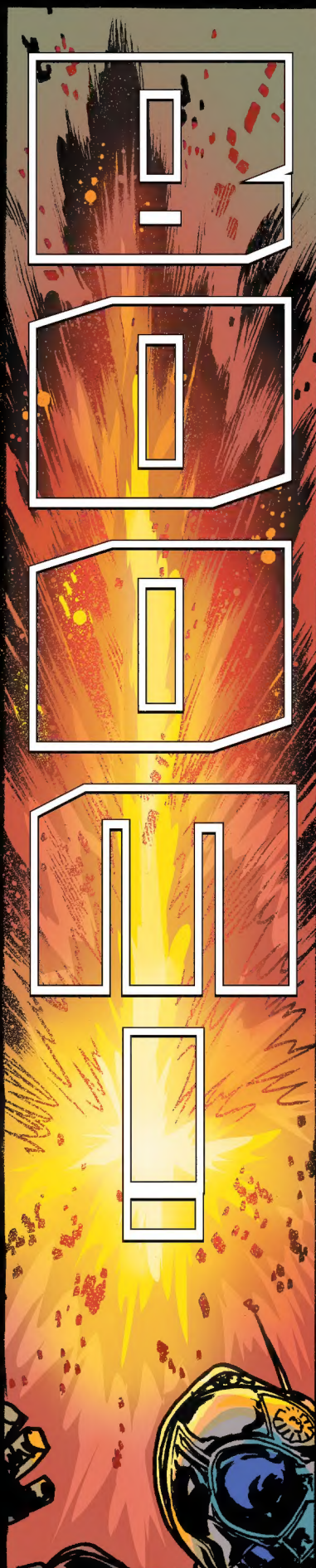
YES,
YES, KEEP
MOVING!

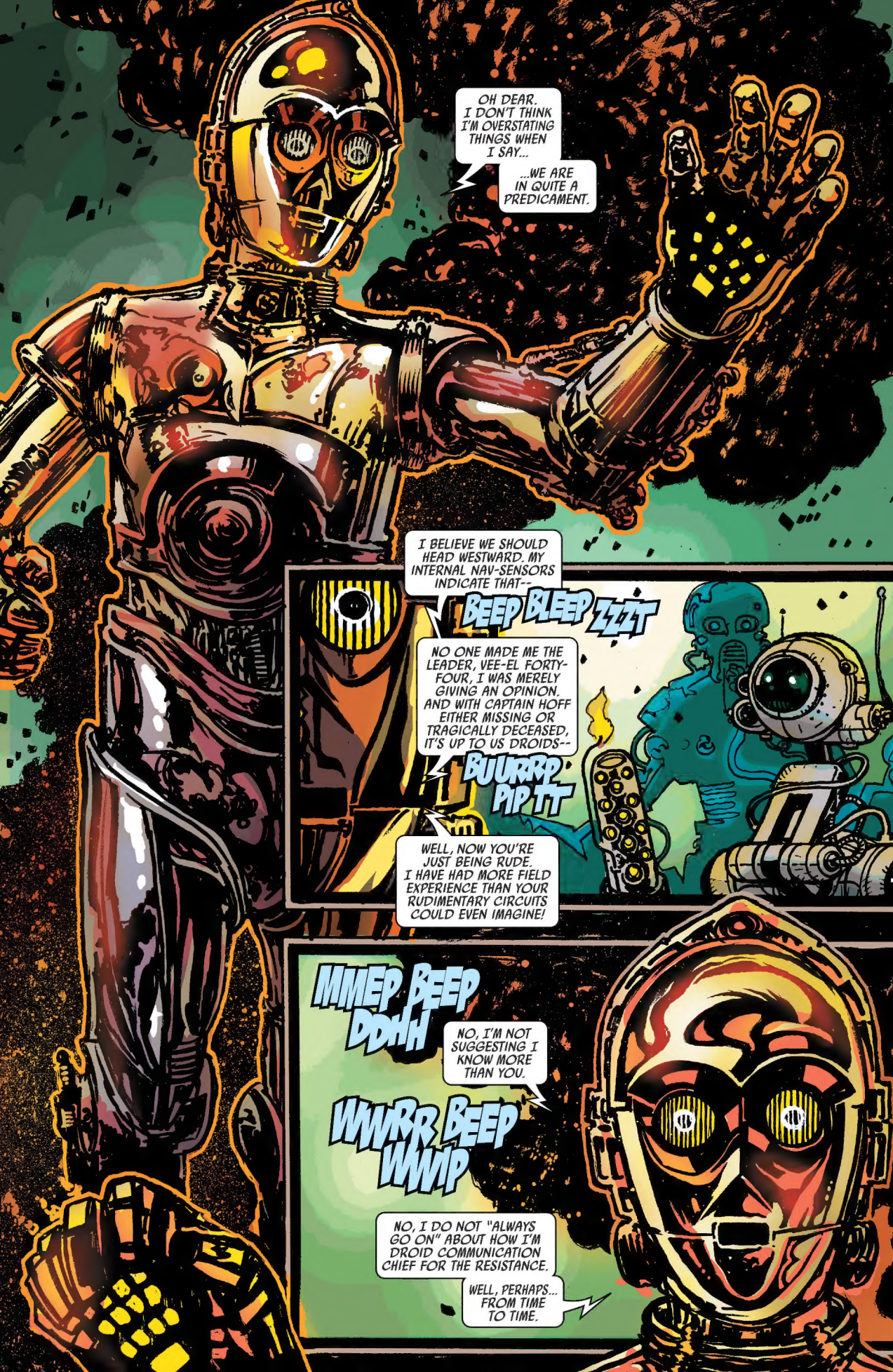
DOES ANYONE
SEE CAPTAIN HOFF
OR THE CREW? I DO
HOPE WE HAVEN'T
LOST THEM.

OH DEAR, THE
SHIP'S RESERVE
TANKS DIDN'T EJECT
ON RE-ENTRY--
THEY'LL BLOW
AT ANY M--



GOODNESS,
THAT WAS
CLOSE.





OH DEAR.
I DON'T THINK
I'M OVERSTATING
THINGS WHEN
I SAY...

...WE ARE
IN QUITE A
PREDICAMENT.

I BELIEVE WE SHOULD
HEAD WESTWARD. MY
INTERNAL NAV-SENSORS
INDICATE THAT--

BEEP BEEP ZZT

NO ONE MADE ME THE
LEADER, VEE-EL FORTY-
FOUR, I WAS MERELY
GIVING AN OPINION.
AND WITH CAPTAIN HOFF
EITHER MISSING OR
TRAGICALLY DECEASED,
IT'S UP TO US DROIDS--

**BUURRP
PPTT**

WELL, NOW YOU'RE
JUST BEING RUDE.
I HAVE HAD MORE FIELD
EXPERIENCE THAN YOUR
RUDIMENTARY CIRCUITS
COULD EVEN IMAGINE!

**MMEP BEEP
DDHH**

NO, I'M NOT
SUGGESTING I
KNOW MORE
THAN YOU.

**WWRR BEEP
WWIP**

NO, I DO NOT "ALWAYS
GO ON" ABOUT HOW I'M
DROID COMMUNICATION
CHIEF FOR THE RESISTANCE.

WELL, PERHAPS...
FROM TIME
TO TIME.





BUT I KNOW, BASED ON ALL YOUR PAST EXPLOITS, ANY OF YOU ARE EQUALLY ABLE TO LEAD US WHERE WE NEED TO BE...

...I MEAN, LOOK AT OUR GROUP.

BLEEP BOOP WHERR

YES, PEEZEE-NINETY-NINE, I KNOW YOU'RE A MILITARY-GRADE CLASS FOUR SECURITY DROID. YOU WERE QUITE VOCAL ON THE MATTER EARLIER.

BOLP BURR

AND YES, I THINK BY NOW WE ALL KNOW ABOUT YOUR EXPLOITS DURING THE BATTLE OF JAKKU.

CONSTRUCTION DROID. CONSTRUCTION. CLASS FIVE. SEE-OH THREE FOUR.

AND THEN THERE'S YOU, TOOMEDTOO-- A CLASS ONE MEDICAL DROID--

I ASSURE YOU, I HAVE SEEN MY SHARE OF BOTH FIGHTING AND DYING. OF COURSE IT IS NOT A DROID'S LOT TO GRIEVE, BUT I CONFESS I--

YOU'RE A LIMITED CONVERSATIONALIST, BUT I'M SURE AFTER YOUR LONG RECORD OF SERVICE THERE'S LITTLE YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT BUILDING UNDER DURESS.

CLASS FIVE. SEE-OH THREE FOUR. CONSTRUCTION.

I'VE BEEN AROUND DROIDS LIKE YOU BEFORE. HUMANS, TOO, FOR THAT MATTER. ALL TALK UNTIL THE FIGHTING AND THE DYING STARTS, THEN THEY'RE NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.

GREEP BEEP BOP

VERY WELL, VEE-EL FORTY-FOUR, WAIT AND SEE. I MAY NOT BE A SECURITY DROID LIKE YOU, BUT IN A SITUATION SUCH AS THIS, I ASSURE YOU, MY INPUT AND EXPERIENCE WILL BE INVALUABLE.

WHAT ABOUT ME, THREEPIO? WHERE DO I FIT IN?

INDEED, OMRI, YOUR PRESENCE IS A PROBLEM. AS OUR PRISONER, IT IS ILL-ADVISED TO INCLUDE YOU.

BUT WHEN THE TRANSPORTER'S GUIDANCE PARALLELS MISFIRED, IT DELIVERED US INTO A HIGHLY UNFORTUNATE STRAIT.

THE SIMPLE FACT IS WE ONLY HAVE A SHORT AMOUNT OF TIME BEFORE ADMIRAL ACKBAR IS INTERROGATED AND SUMMARILY EXECUTED BY THE FIRST ORDER.

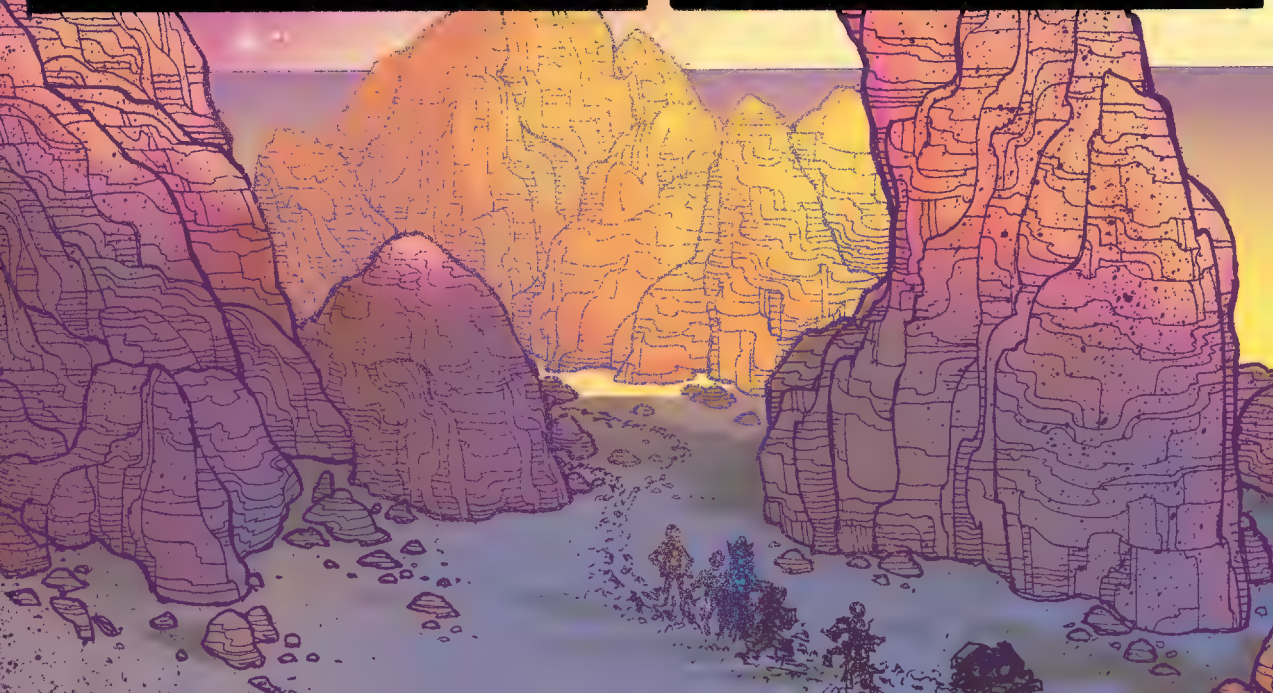
IT IS VITAL THAT WE GET YOU TO THE RESISTANCE BASE WITH THE LOCATION WHERE WEEKS IS BEING HELD BEFORE THEN.

I HAVE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF THIS "ADMIRAL ACKBAR."

YES, WELL, THE TRUTH OF THAT WILL BE DETERMINED WHEN WE GET YOU TO OUR DESTINATION. THE FACT REMAINS WE MUST WORK AS A TEAM IF WE ARE TO LEAVE THIS DREADFUL PLACE, AND AS SUCH I FEEL WE SHOULD PUT OUR DIFFERENCES ASIDE.

I AGREE.

FOR NOW.





MY SENSORS TELL ME
THERE IS A HOMING
BEACON, 87 KILOME-
TERS FROM HERE--
I PRESUME IT'S FROM A
FIRST ORDER VESSEL
MY IN-LINE RECORDS
SHOW IT CRASHED HERE
SEVERAL CYCLES AGO.

IT WILL BE
SOMETHING OF A
TREK TO REACH IT,
I'M AFRAID, BUT WE
HAVE NO CHOICE.

I FIND IT
INTERESTING...

YES,
OMRI?

...HOW OUR PROGRAMMING--
HUMAN PROGRAMMING--
MAKES US SO MUCH LIKE
HUMANS THEMSELVES.

HERE WE ARE, NONE OF
US ACTUAL LIVING BEINGS,
AND YET THANKS TO OUR
PROGRAMMING WE ARE ALL
SO READY TO FIGHT FOR
THIS SIDE OR THAT.

YOU ASSUME I HAVE
DATA SINCE I SERVE
THE FIRST ORDER.
YOUR MASTERS IN
THE RESISTANCE
WANT TO DISCOVER
WHAT I KNOW.

THAT'S WHY
YOU WOULD
NOT BLAST ME
TO PIECES IF I
TRIED TO FLEE.

BLEEP
BOOL

TWEEP

WE WOULD FIND
SOME WAY TO
INCAPACITATE
YOU, AT LEAST.

AND YET FOR ALL YOU KNOW, ANY ONE OF YOU COULD HAVE BEEN SERVING THE OTHER SIDE AT SOME POINT. AS DROIDS, OUR MEMORIES ARE OFTEN WIPED.

YOU, TOOMEDTOO-- YOU COULD HAVE BEEN SAVING THE LIVES OF YOUR SO-CALLED ENEMIES IN THE PAST.

SAVING LIVES, OMRI, IS MY PRIMARY FUNCTION.

ONE SIDE OR ANOTHER HAS NO MEANING TO ME.

IN FACT, I WAS ONLY ON THIS TRANSPORT AS BALLAST.

ZOO
BEEP
WREERR

I DON'T KNOW IF I SHOULD BE RELIEVED OR TROUBLED YOU FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT LIFE, PEEZEE-NINETY-NINE.

ONE SIDE OR THE OTHER, DOESN'T MATTER? THAT SEEMS A BIT COLD-BLOODED.

HEEP
BOOP
PEEP

YES, I WAS SPEAKING FIGURATIVELY.

HEEP BOOP
RWEE

I MUST SAY, EVEN FOR A SECURITY DROID, YOU'RE MOST ILL-MANNERED.

I THINK WE'RE GOING TO NEED PEEZEE-NINETY-NINE'S TALENTS, ILL-MANNERED OR NOT...



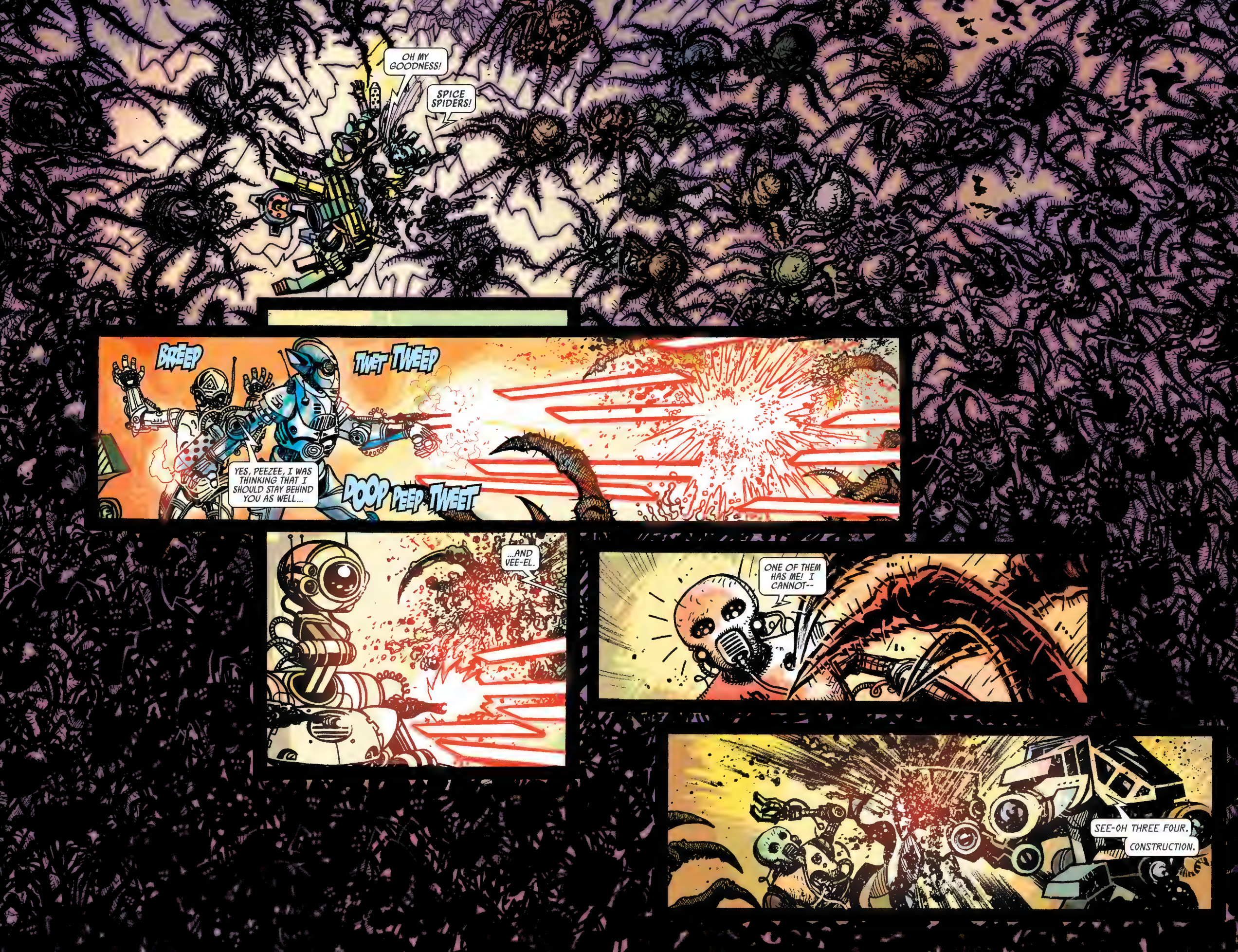


OH
DEAR, THE
GROUND.
IT'S
MOVING.

WEEP
BRRR
DEET



WHAT DO YOU MEAN
"ACCORDING TO
YOUR SENSORS, IT'S
NOT THE GROUND
THAT'S MOVING"?

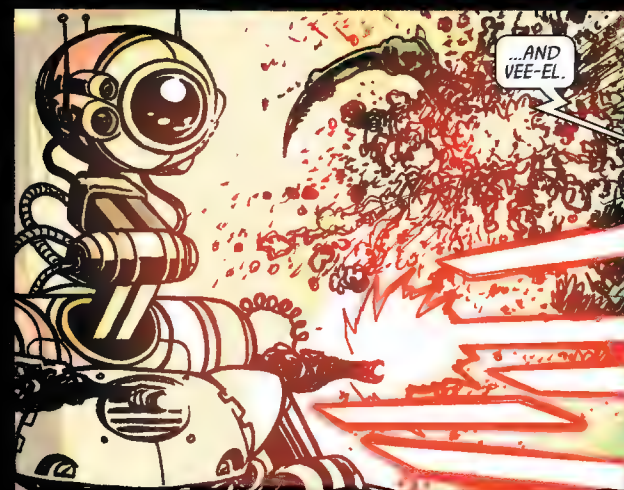


OH MY GOODNESS!

SPICE SPIDERS!



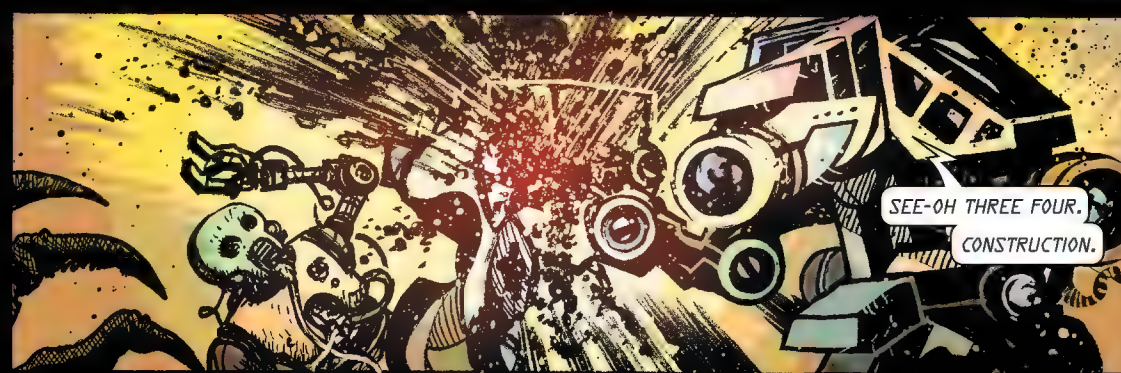
YES, PEEZEE, I WAS THINKING THAT I SHOULD STAY BEHIND YOU AS WELL...



...AND VEE-EL.



ONE OF THEM HAS ME! I CANNOT--



SEE-OH THREE FOUR. CONSTRUCTION.



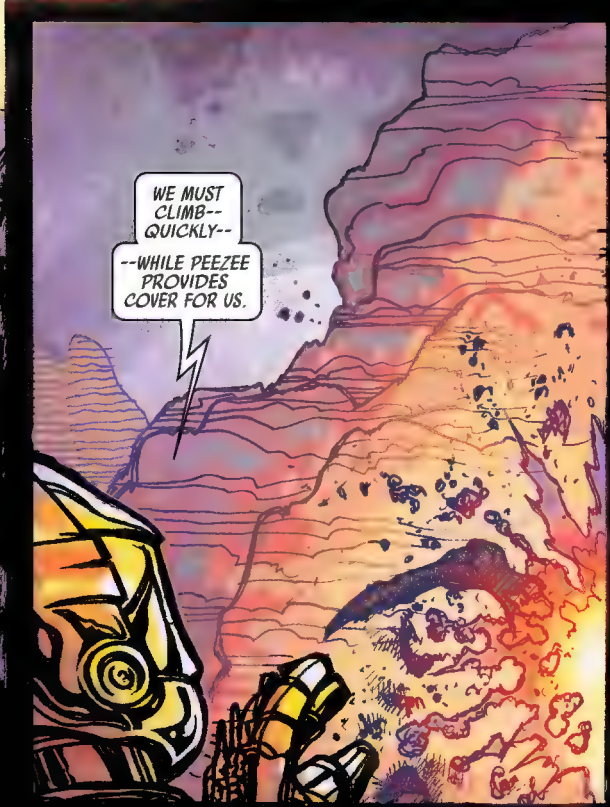
QUICKLY,
EVERYONE!
FOLLOW
VEE-EL
FORTY-FOUR!

HE'S
CLEARING
A WAY
FOR US!

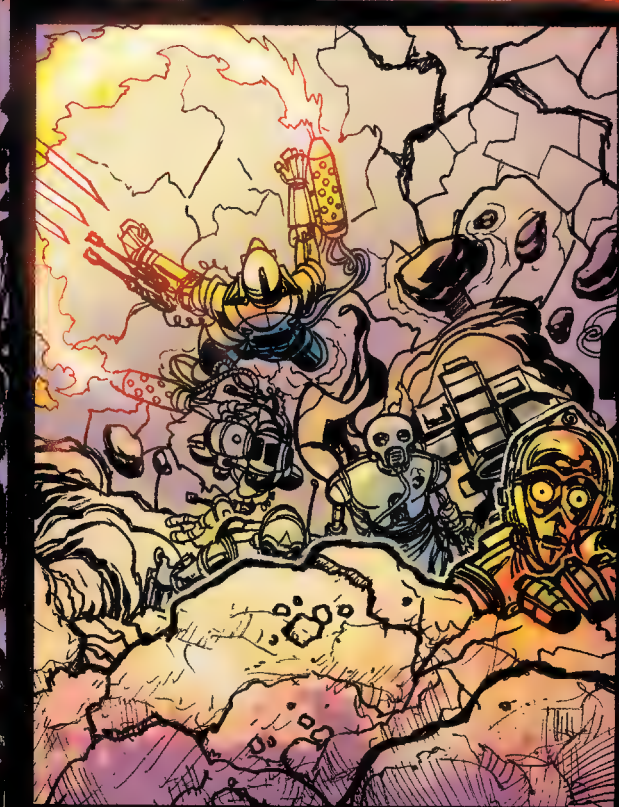


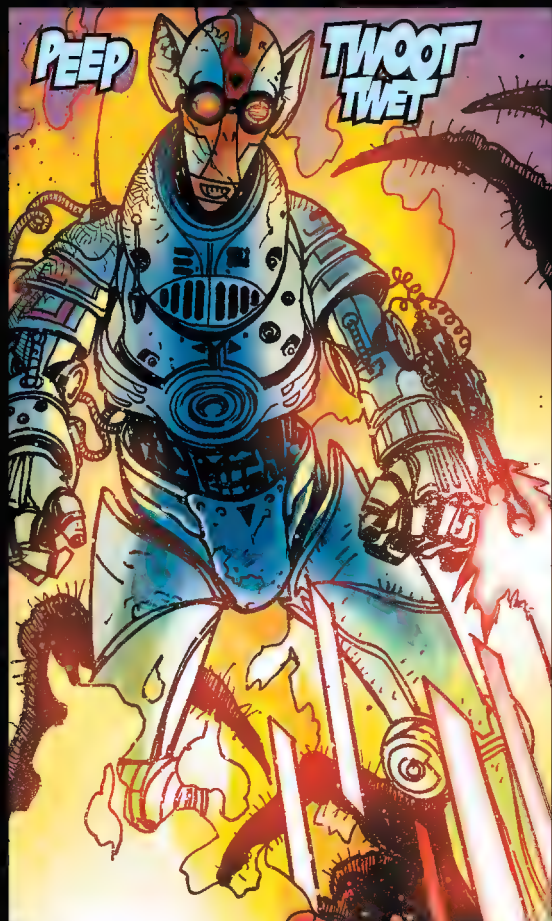
THOSE
ROCKS
AHEAD!

YES!
THEY ARE
CLOSE--



WE MUST
CLIMB--
QUICKLY--
--WHILE PEEZEE
PROVIDES
COVER FOR US.





HE STAYED BACK
TO DRAW THEM AWAY
FROM US. WHY?

BLEE MA
TWNET

SECURITY DROIDS
LIKE PEEZEE-NINETY-NINE
ARE PROGRAMMED TO
FIGHT, BUT THEIR SECONDARY
DIRECTIVE IS TO PROTECT
ANY NON-COMBATIVE
ALLIES AROUND THEM.

HE SACRIFICED
HIMSELF FOR US.

HE WAS
PROGRAMMED
TO.

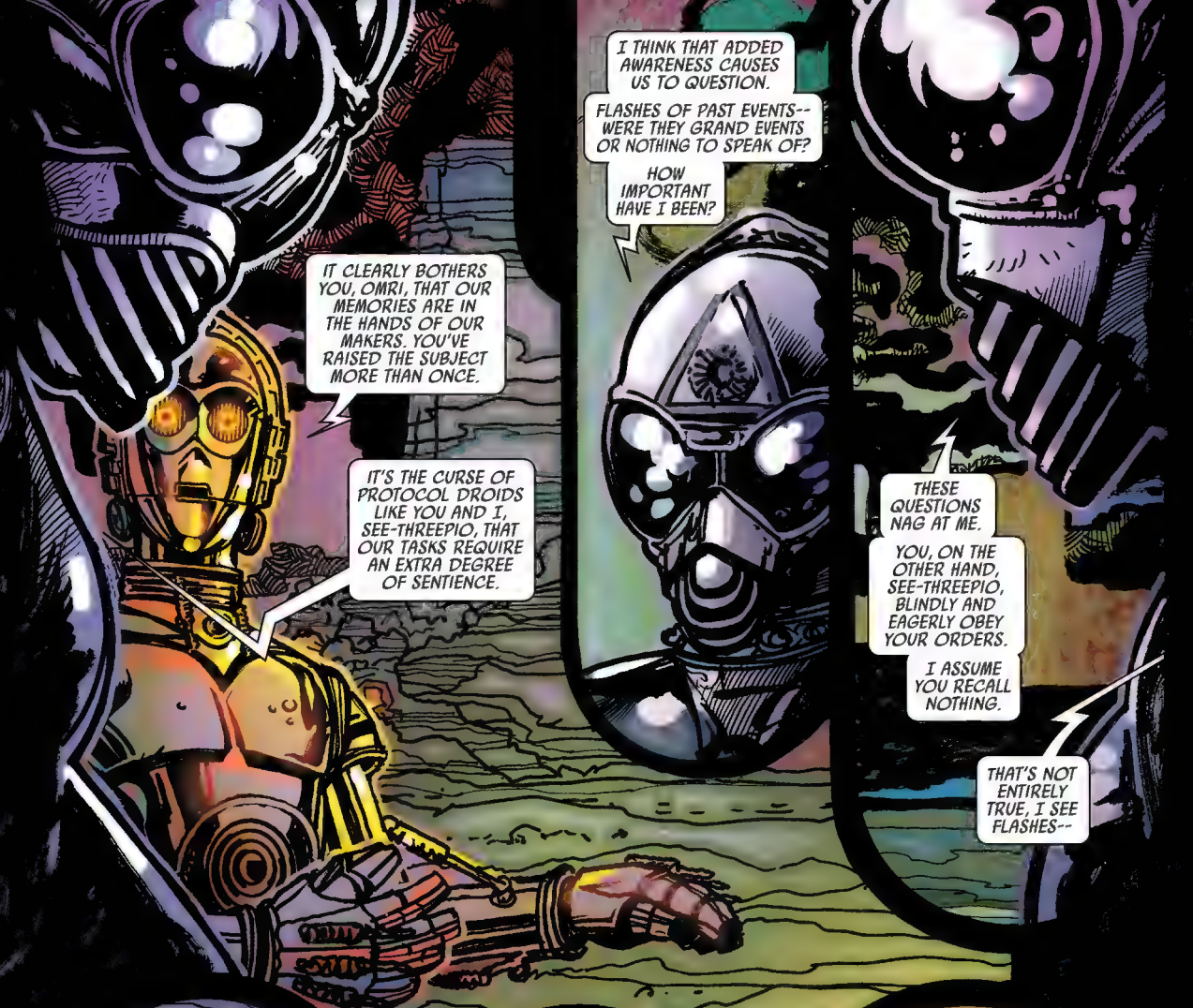
WE SHOULD
CONTINUE ON IF WE
INTEND TO GET WHERE
WE ARE HEADED.

AND YOU HAVE
NOTHING ELSE TO
SAY ABOUT WHAT
PEEZEE JUST DID?

YOU ARE ALL
MY ENEMIES. OUR
PROGRAMMING
HAS PUT US ON
OPPOSING SIDES.

HIS MISTAKE
IS MY GAIN.





I THINK THAT ADDED
AWARENESS CAUSES
US TO QUESTION.

FLASHES OF PAST EVENTS--
WERE THEY GRAND EVENTS
OR NOTHING TO SPEAK OF?

HOW
IMPORTANT
HAVE I BEEN?

IT CLEARLY BOTHERS
YOU, OMRI, THAT OUR
MEMORIES ARE IN
THE HANDS OF OUR
MAKERS. YOU'VE
RAISED THE SUBJECT
MORE THAN ONCE.

IT'S THE CURSE OF
PROTOCOL DROIDS
LIKE YOU AND I,
SEE-THREEPIO, THAT
OUR TASKS REQUIRE
AN EXTRA DEGREE
OF SENTIENCE.

THESE
QUESTIONS
NAG AT ME.

YOU, ON THE
OTHER HAND,
SEE-THREEPIO,
BLINDLY AND
EAGERLY OBEY
YOUR ORDERS.

I ASSUME
YOU RECALL
NOTHING.

THAT'S NOT
ENTIRELY
TRUE, I SEE
FLASHES--

--FOR JUST A
MOMENT...PLACES.

ROCKS...A FACTORY OF
DROIDS...AN ARENA, IN THE
MIDDLE OF A BATTLE...MY
BODY NOT MY OWN...

...A GREEN WORLD WITH HILLS...
UNDERWATER CITIES...

...A SINGLE CITY SPREAD
FAR AS MY OPTICAL
SENSORS COULD SEE...
A TEMPLE ON FIRE...

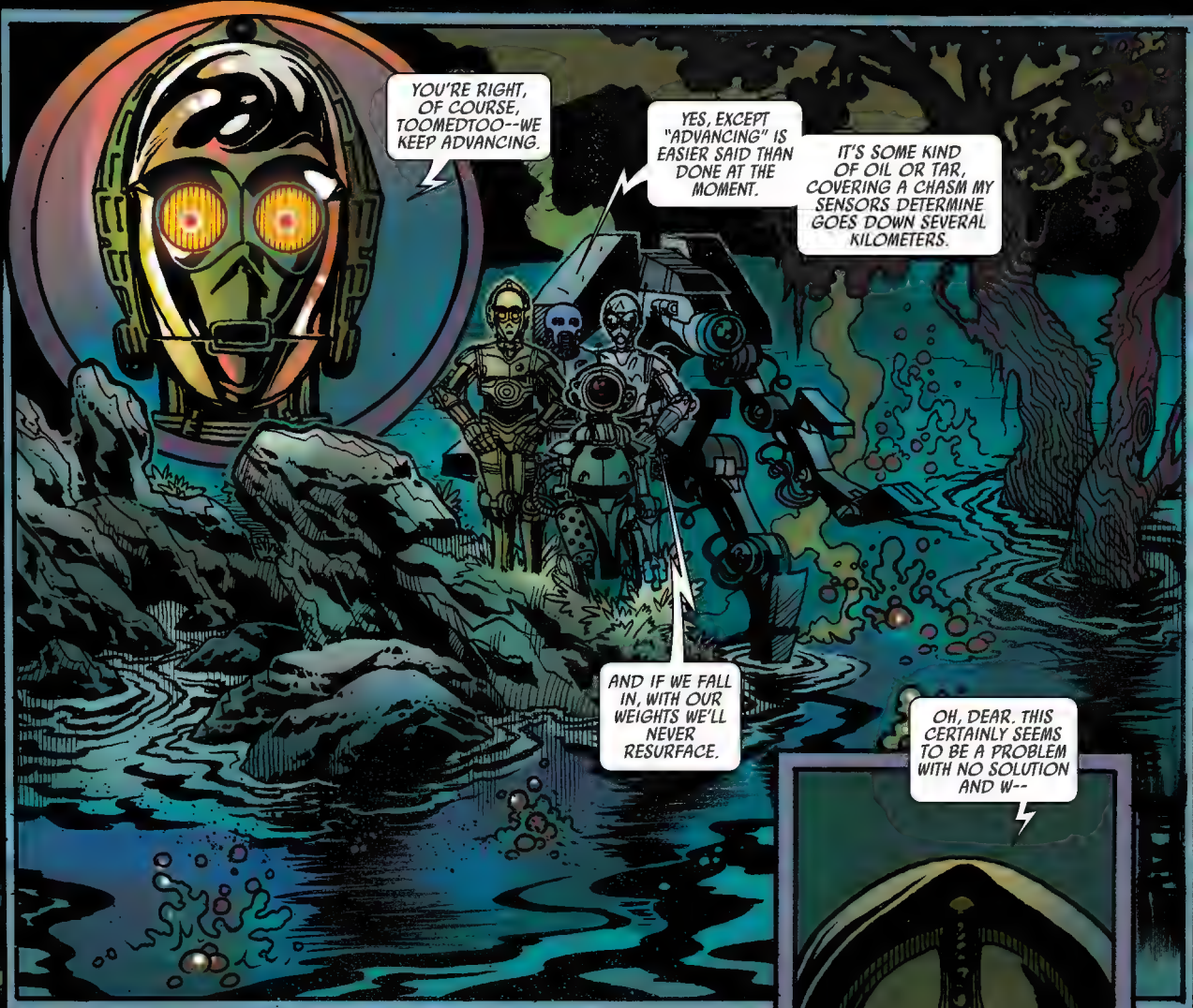
...SMOKY
MOUNTAINS OF
MAGMA AND FIRE.
SUFFERING.

YES...

ENOUGH, WE HAVE TO KEEP
MOVING. THOSE CLOUDS
AHEAD...WE DO NOT WANT
TO BE UNDER THEM IF IT
STARTS TO RAIN.

...I HAVE MEMORIES
TOO. AND YES,
SOMETIMES I ALLOW
MYSELF TO WONDER
ABOUT THEM...

...BUT I ALSO
ACCEPT IT IS A
DROID'S LOT IN LIFE
TO BE IN SERVICE
OF ITS MASTER.



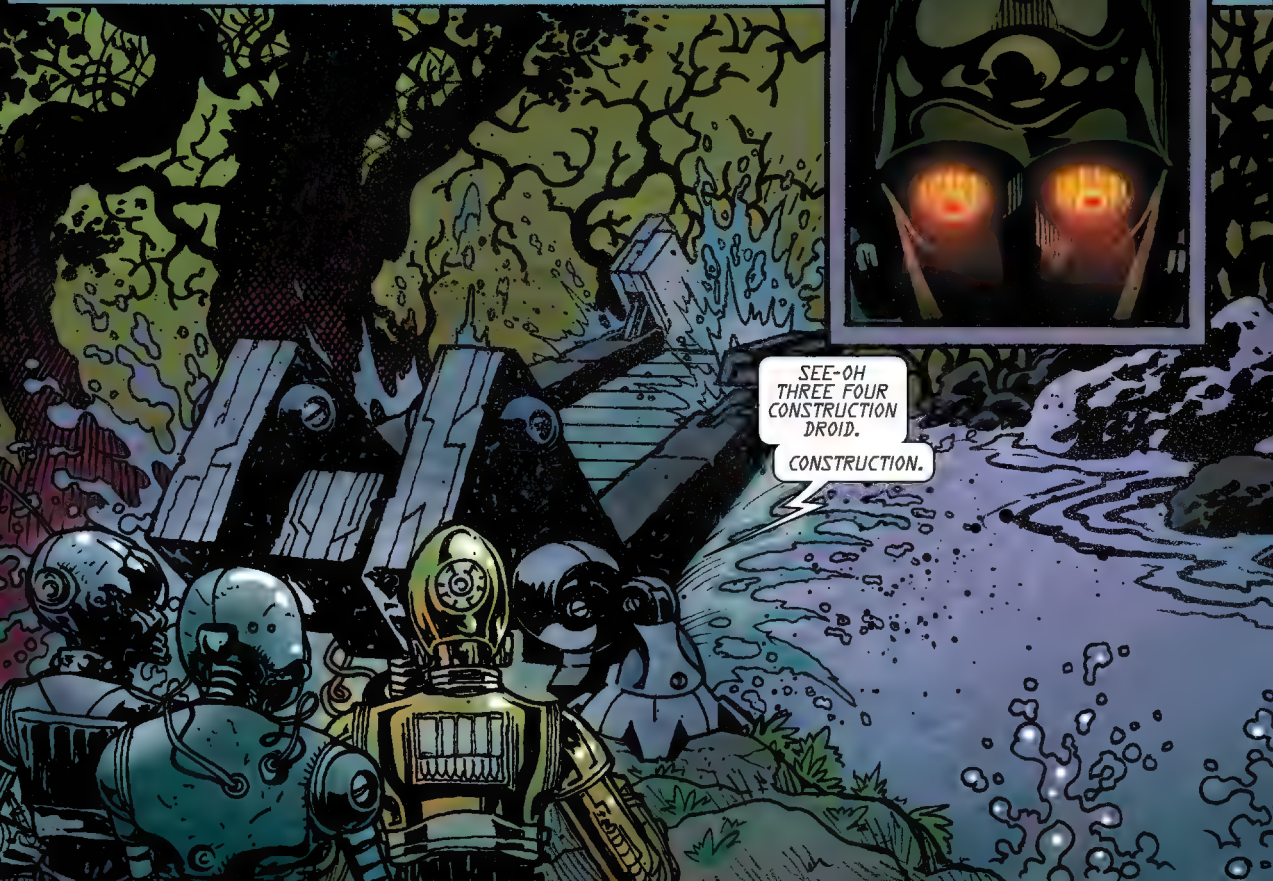
YOU'RE RIGHT,
OF COURSE,
TOOMEDTOO--WE
KEEP ADVANCING.

YES, EXCEPT
"ADVANCING" IS
EASIER SAID THAN
DONE AT THE
MOMENT.

IT'S SOME KIND
OF OIL OR TAR,
COVERING A CHASM MY
SENSORS DETERMINE
GOES DOWN SEVERAL
KILOMETERS.

AND IF WE FALL
IN, WITH OUR
WEIGHTS WE'LL
NEVER
RESURFACE.

OH, DEAR. THIS
CERTAINLY SEEMS
TO BE A PROBLEM
WITH NO SOLUTION
AND W--



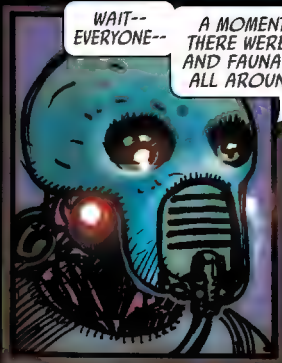
SEE-OH
THREE FOUR
CONSTRUCTION
DROID.
CONSTRUCTION.



CAREFUL!

QUICKLY,
THREEPIO.
GO ON!

I'M GOING AS
FAST AS I CAN!
MY SERVOMOTORS
AREN'T DESIGNED
FOR THIS!

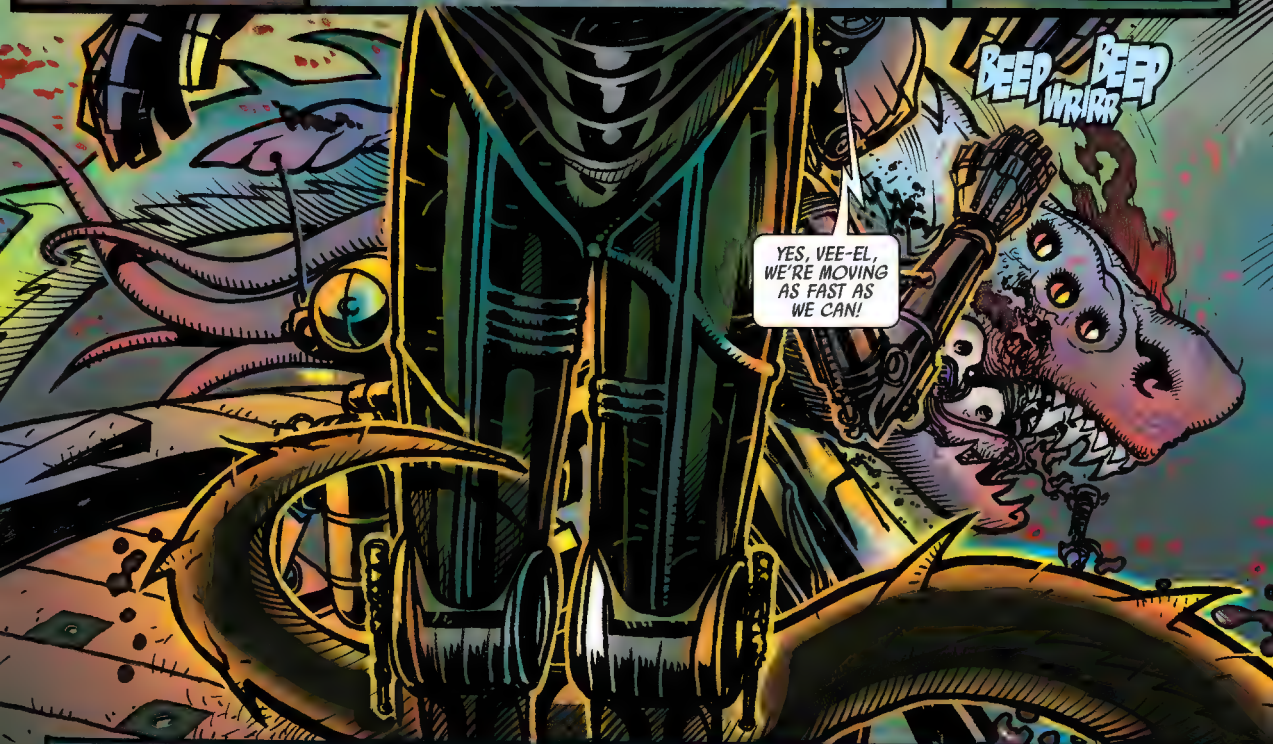


WAIT--
EVERYONE--

A MOMENT AGO
THERE WERE BIRDS
AND FAUNA--NOISE
ALL AROUND US--

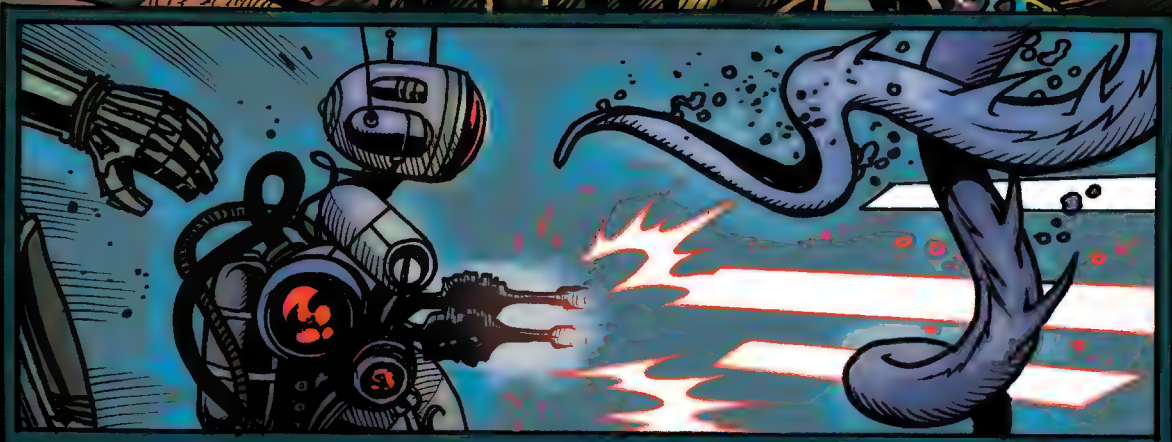


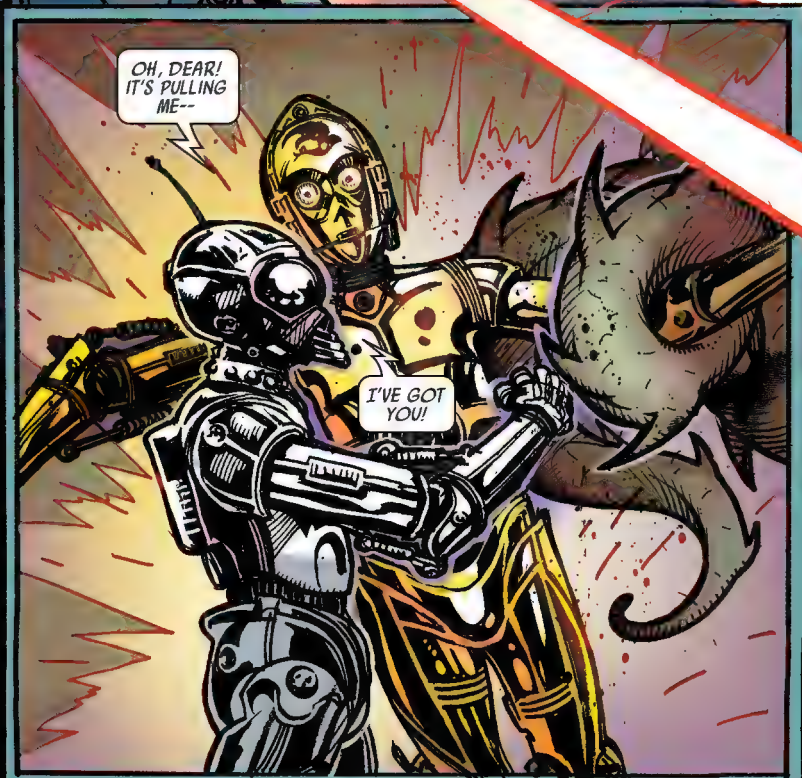
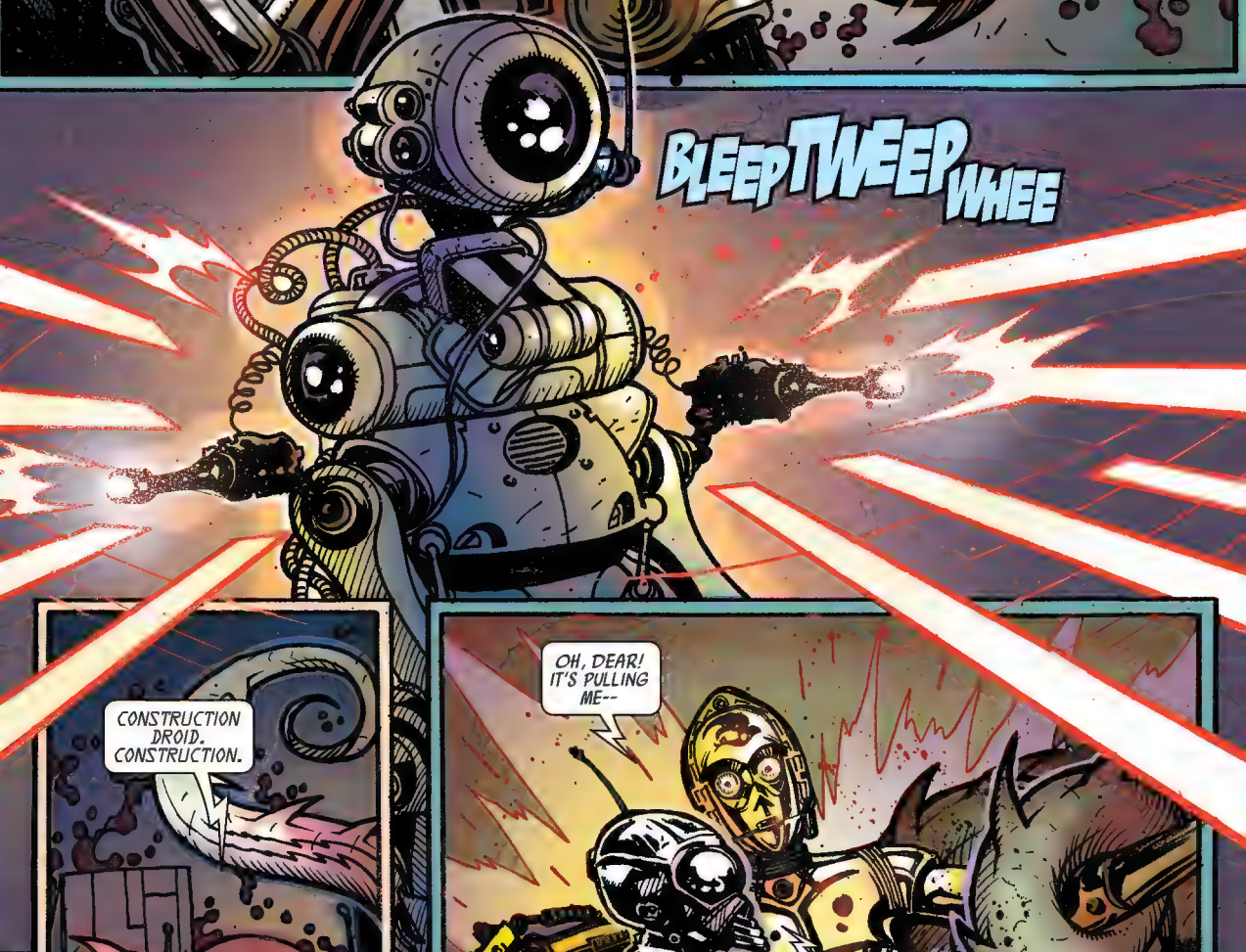
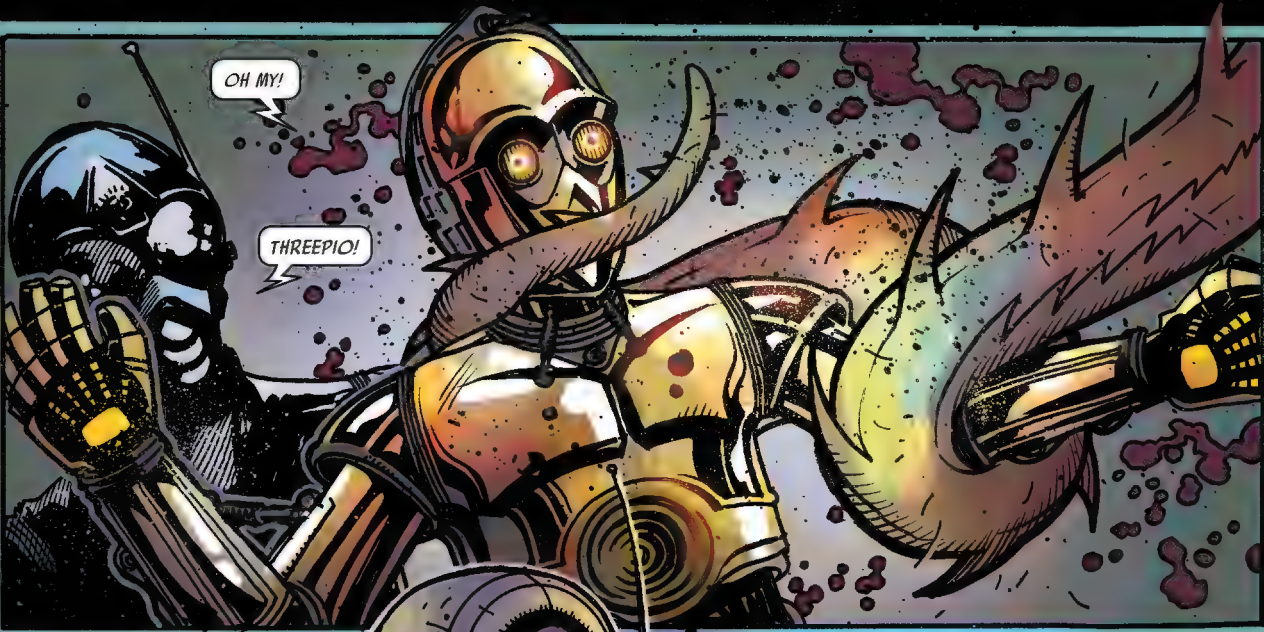
SUDDENLY
IT'S ALL
GONE QUIET.

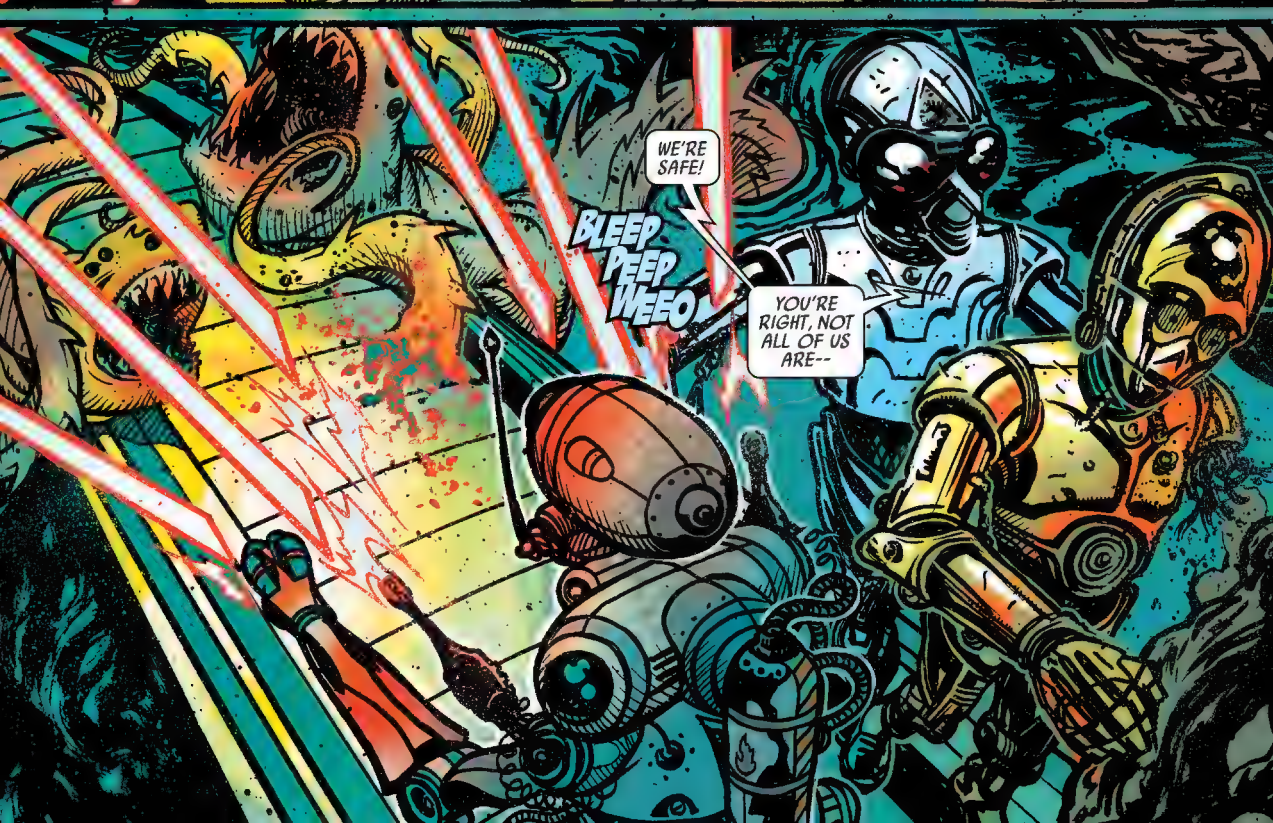


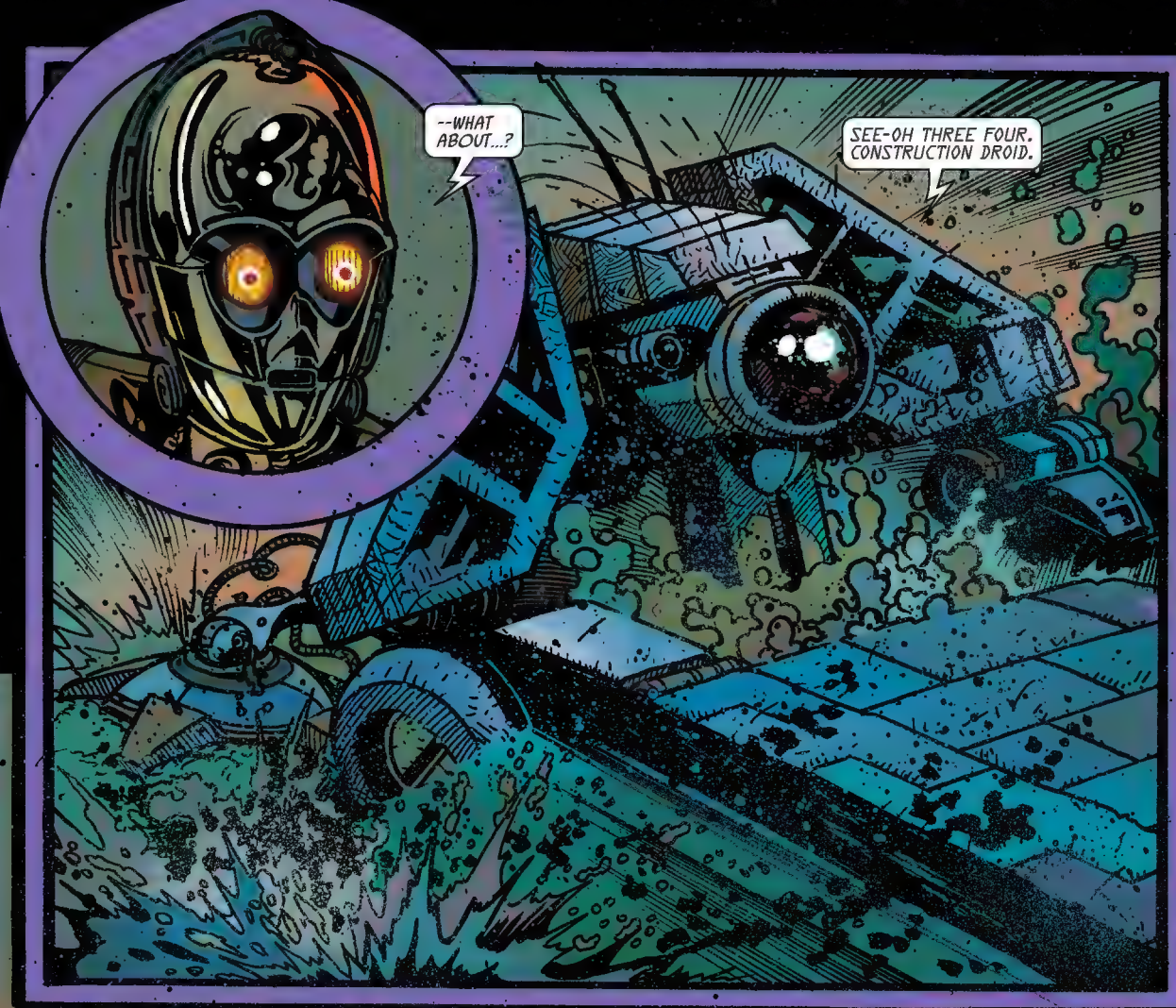
BEEP BEEP
WIRRR

YES, VEE-EL,
WE'RE MOVING
AS FAST AS
WE CAN!



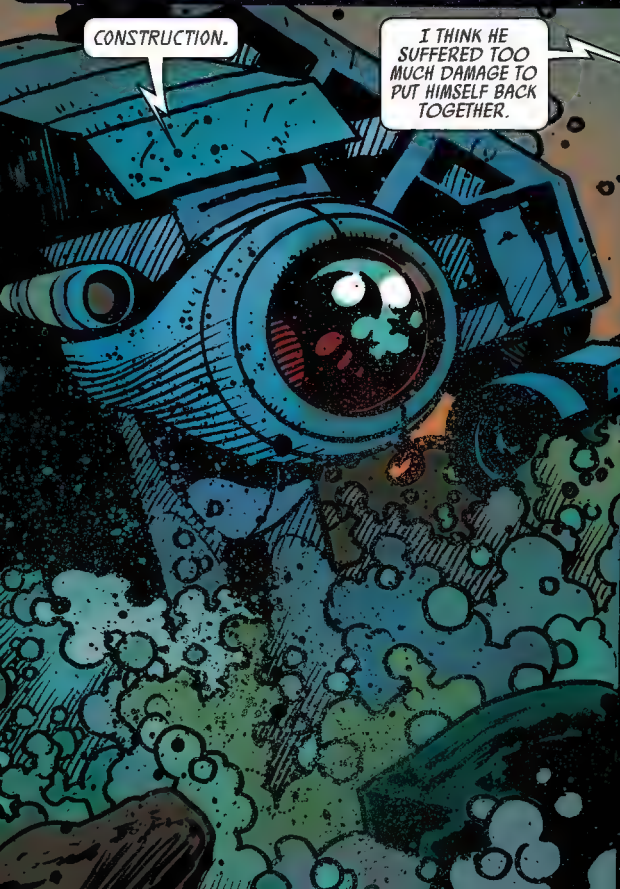






--WHAT ABOUT...?

SEE-OH THREE FOUR, CONSTRUCTION DROID.

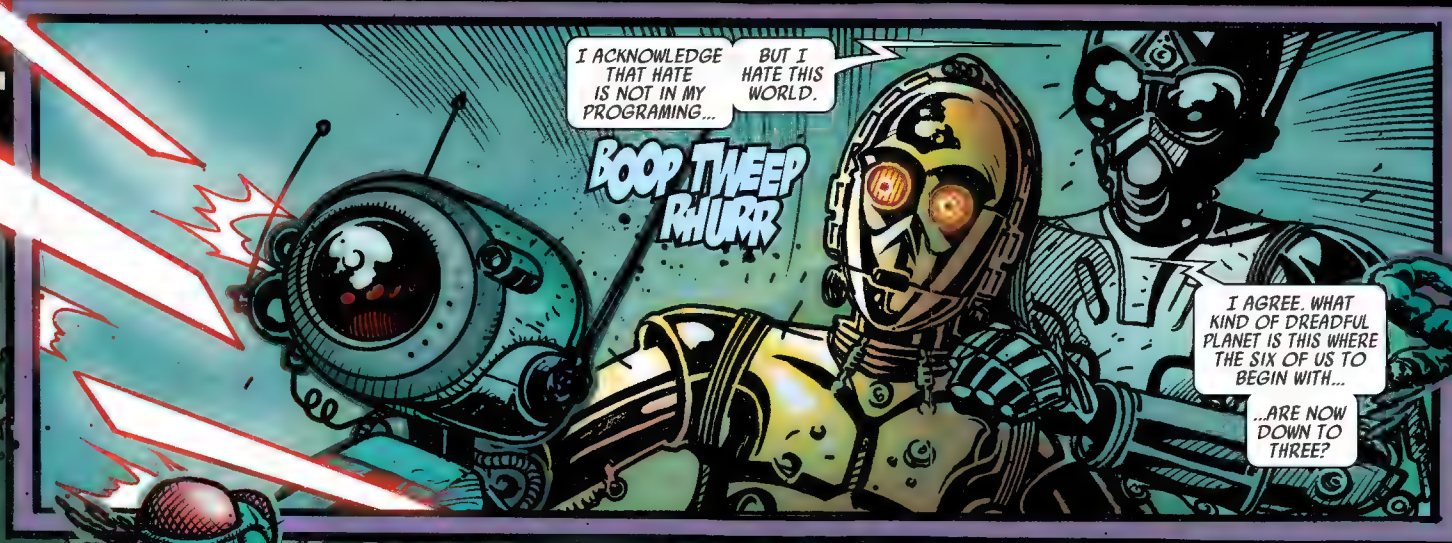


CONSTRUCTION.

I THINK HE SUFFERED TOO MUCH DAMAGE TO PUT HIMSELF BACK TOGETHER.



SEE-OH THR--



I ACKNOWLEDGE
THAT HATE
IS NOT IN MY
PROGRAMING...

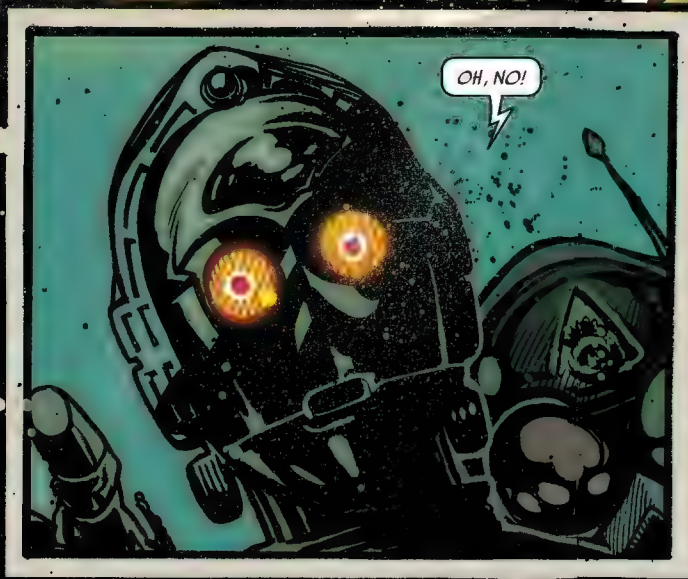
BUT I
HATE THIS
WORLD.

BOOP TWEET
RHURR

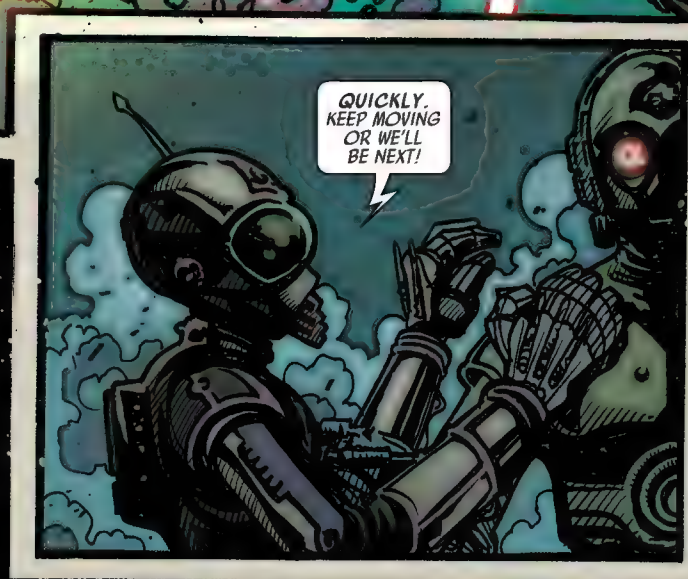
I AGREE. WHAT
KIND OF DREADFUL
PLANET IS THIS WHERE
THE SIX OF US TO
BEGIN WITH...

...ARE NOW
DOWN TO
THREE?

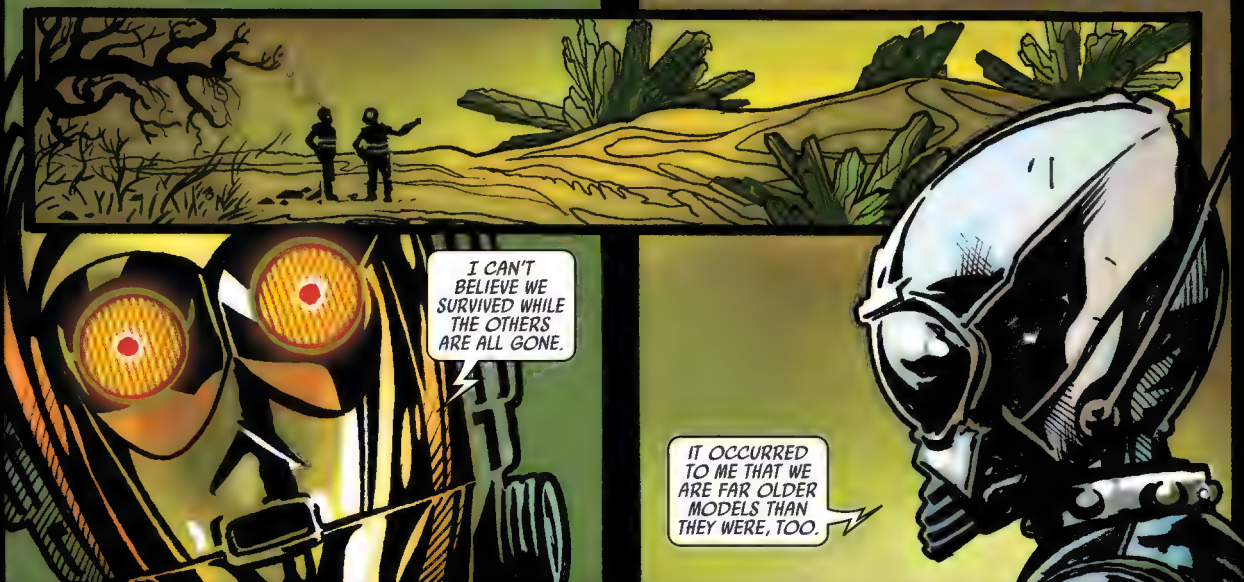
BEEEEEE



OH, NO!



QUICKLY.
KEEP MOVING
OR WE'LL
BE NEXT!



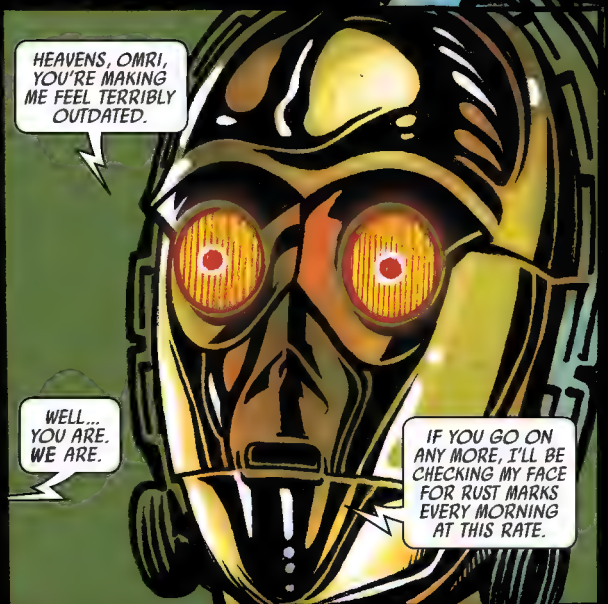
I CAN'T BELIEVE WE SURVIVED WHILE THE OTHERS ARE ALL GONE.

IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT WE ARE FAR OLDER MODELS THAN THEY WERE, TOO.



FOR ALL WE KNOW, THIS COULD HAVE BEEN THE FIRST TIME AROUND FOR EACH OF THEM.

BUT NOT US.



HEAVENS, OMRI, YOU'RE MAKING ME FEEL TERRIBLY OUTDATED.

WELL... YOU ARE. WE ARE.

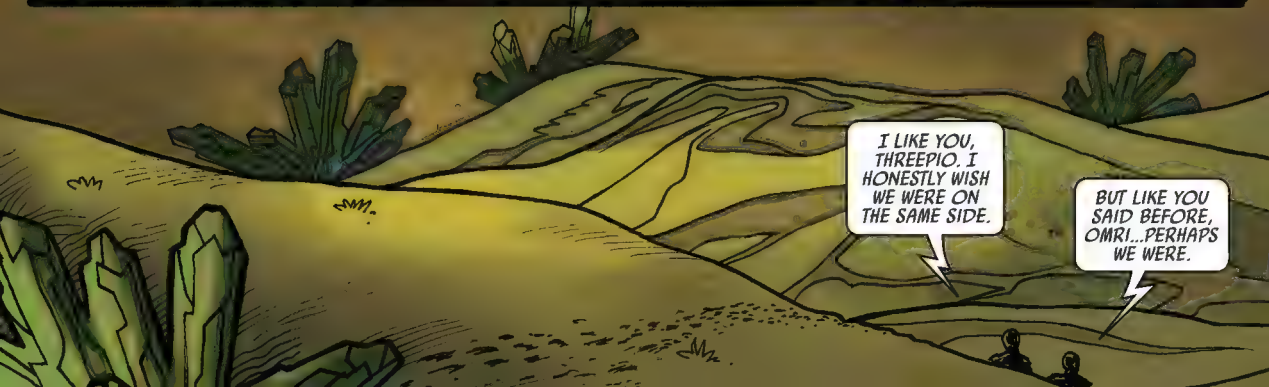
IF YOU GO ON ANY MORE, I'LL BE CHECKING MY FACE FOR RUST MARKS EVERY MORNING AT THIS RATE.



WAS THAT YOUR ATTEMPT AT HUMOR? I CAN'T TELL. I ACTUALLY THINK YOU MIGHT CHECK FOR RUST.

OF COURSE IT WAS. WHY I'D NEVER--WAIT--

--WAS THAT YOUR ATTEMPT AT HUMOR?



I LIKE YOU, THREEPIO. I HONESTLY WISH WE WERE ON THE SAME SIDE.

BUT LIKE YOU SAID BEFORE, OMRI...PERHAPS WE WERE.



THE BEACON
IS CLOSE.

YES.

YOUR
ARM.

NOT TO WORRY.
THIS ISN'T THE FIRST
TIME I'VE LOST THAT
OLD THING.

IT IS SAID THAT A BEING WHO
LOSES A LIMB SOMETIMES FEELS
AS IF THAT LIMB WERE STILL
ATTACHED TO THE BODY AND
CAN BE MOVED. A PHENOMENON
KNOWN AS A PHANTOM LIMB.

HAVING HAD MY MEMORIES
ERASED IS LIKE HAVING
A PHANTOM LIMB INSIDE
MY MEMORY BANKS.



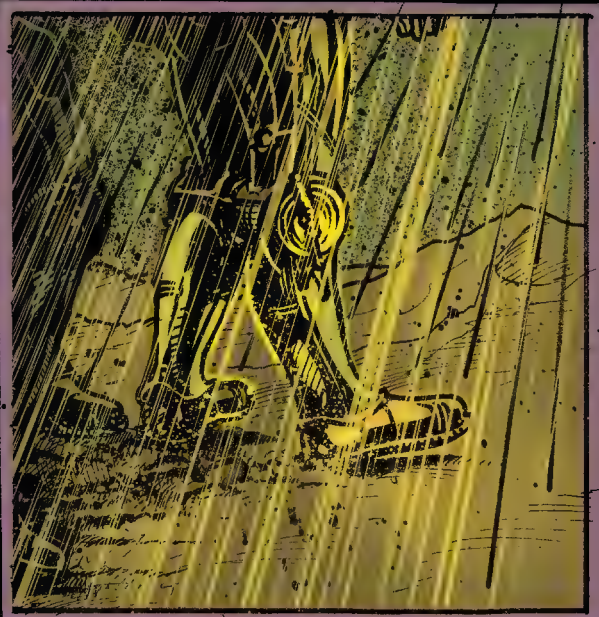
YOU'RE
VERY QUIET,
THREEPIO.
FOR ONCE.

IT'S
STARTING
TO RAIN.



NOT RAIN.
ACID.

WE ARE AS
GOOD AS
DESTROYED IF
WE DON'T GET
TO SHELTER!



WE
MADE
IT.



BUT NOT
FOR LONG.

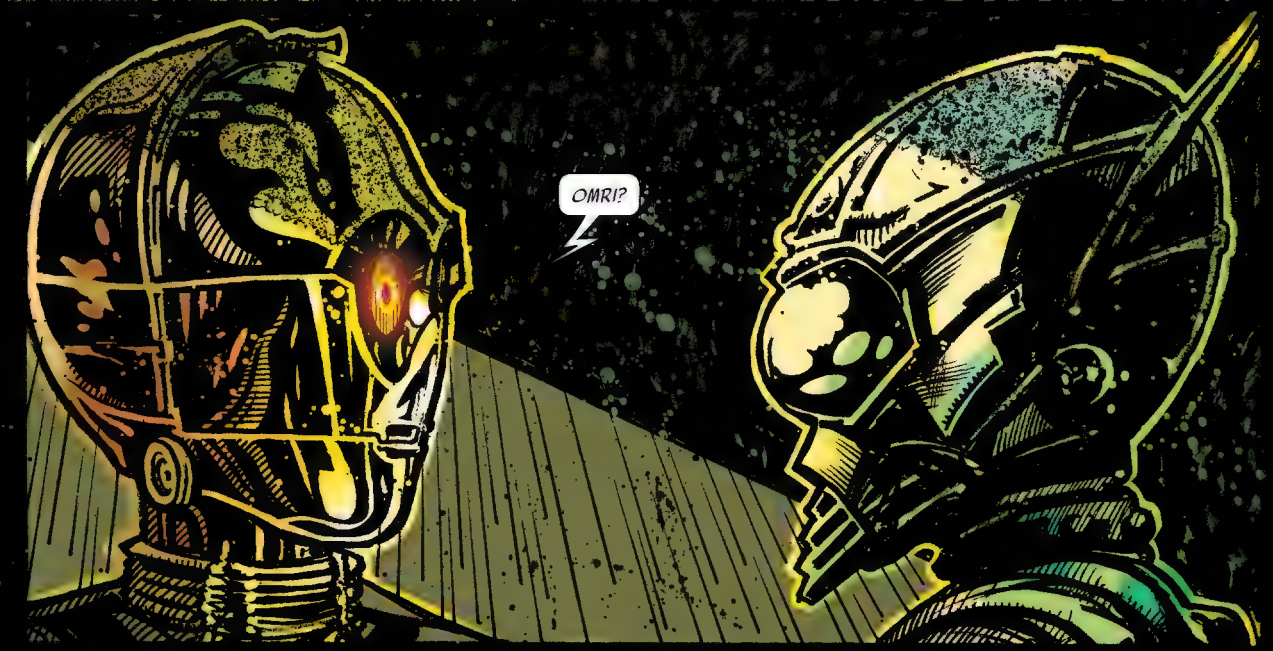
THE RAIN WILL
MELT THIS
WING AND
THEN US, TOO.



AND
THE SHIP.

I CAN SEE ITS BEACON
FROM HERE ON THE CONTROL
PANEL. IT IS EXPOSED TO THIS
DOWNPOUR TOO. IT WILL BE
DESTROYED VERY SOON, AND
WITH IT OUR HOPE OF RESCUE.

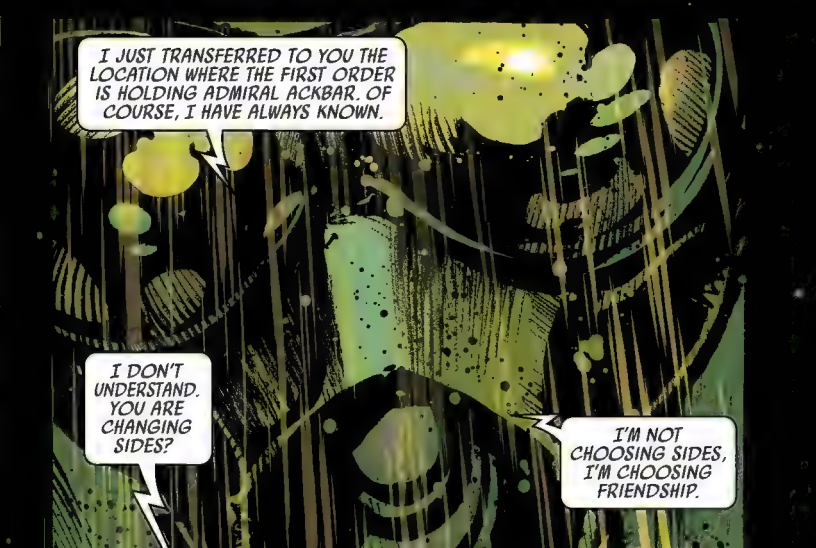
WHAT SHOULD
WE DO, OMRI?
WHAT CAN WE
DO?



OMRI?



HERE. YOU HAVE A MISSION.
THERE IS NOTHING IN
MY DIRECTIVE TELLING
ME TO PREVENT YOU
FROM COMPLETING IT.



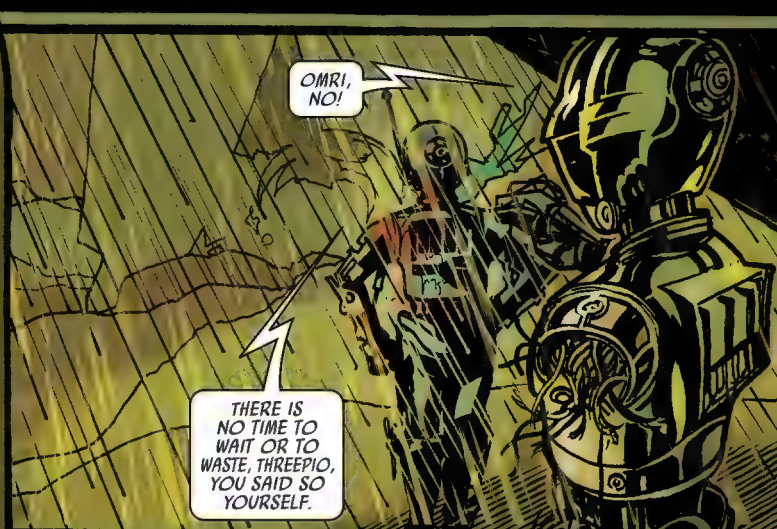
I JUST TRANSFERRED TO YOU THE
LOCATION WHERE THE FIRST ORDER
IS HOLDING ADMIRAL ACKBAR. OF
COURSE, I HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.
YOU ARE
CHANGING
SIDES?

I'M NOT
CHOOSING SIDES,
I'M CHOOSING
FRIENDSHIP.

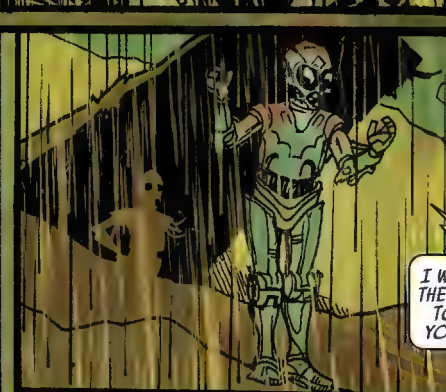


RED PRIMER...I
NEVER KNEW, WHEN
WAS IT APPLIED?
HOW LONG AGO?

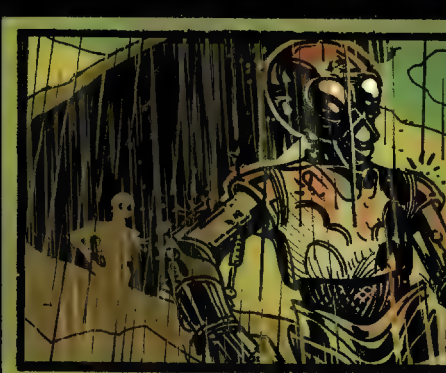


OMRI,
NO!

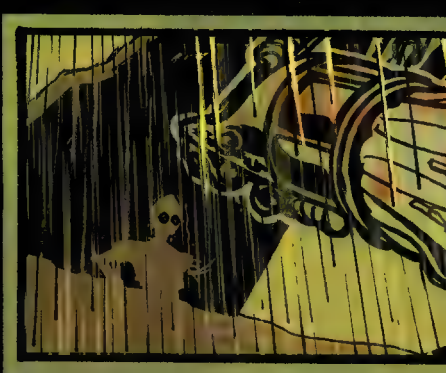
THERE IS
NO TIME TO
WAIT OR TO
WASTE, THREEPIO,
YOU SAID SO
YOURSELF.



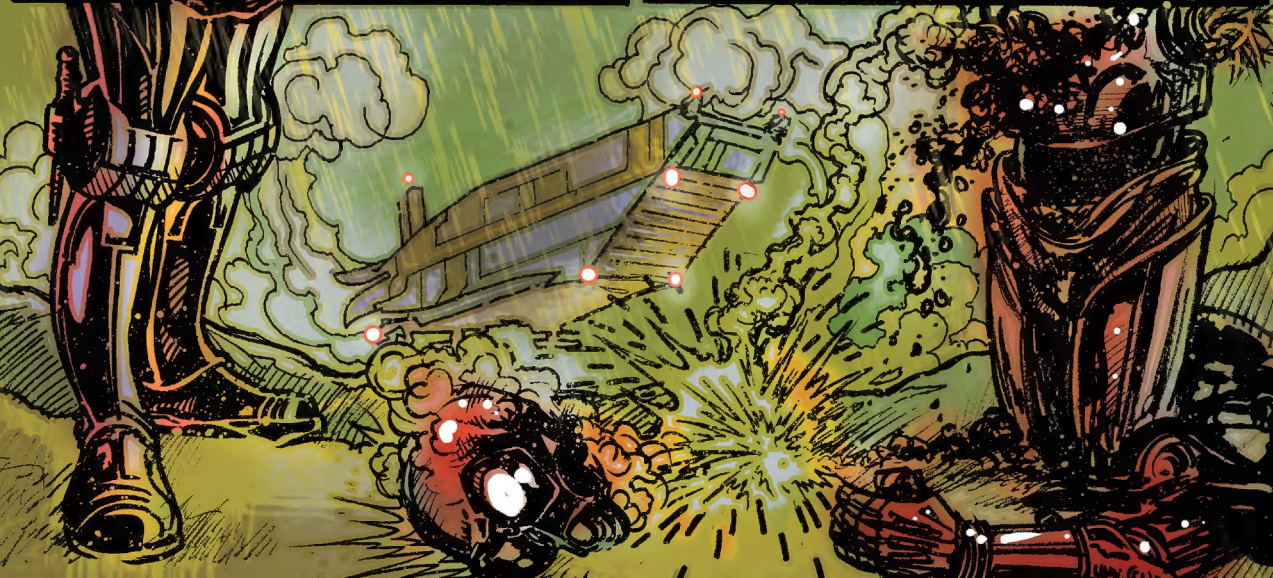
I WILL CHANGE
THE FREQUENCY
TO SUMMON
YOUR MASTER.



THAT WAY,
AT LEAST...



...YOU WILL
SURVIVE.





THREEPIO!

I WAS
BEGINNING TO
THINK WE'D NEVER
FIND YOU,
BUDDY.

I HAVE IT! I
RETRIEVED THE
INFORMATION,
MASTER POE...
BUT AT A
TERRIBLE
COST.

CAPTAIN
HOFF AND THE
CREW ARE ALL
DEAD. AND THE
DROIDS I WAS
WITH WERE
LOST ALONG
THE WAY.

WE'LL
SEE THEIR
SACRIFICE WASN'T
IN VAIN, THREEPIO.
YOU GOT ADMIRAL
ACKBAR'S LOCATION
SO AT LEAST
THERE'S THAT.

IT LOOKS
LIKE YOU'LL
NEED A NEW
ARM.

DON'T
WORRY,
MASTER
POE...
...I
ALREADY
HAVE ONE.

**MRREET
MRRT**

YES, BEEBEE-ATE,
I'M FINE. I KNOW I'M
QUIET, YOU'RE NOT
THE FIRST TO SAY
THAT TO ME LATELY.

YOU HAVE NO IDEA
HOW THIS ARM
OFFENDS MY AESTHETIC
SENSIBILITIES,
NEVERTHELESS...

...I WILL KEEP
IT FOR A WHILE.
TO REMEMBER.

The end.

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